

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

HAVE YOU FORGOT?
Have you forgot that very dance?
Our first the night we met by chance?
I fresh from college, ma'am, and you
A school-girl, very sweet and new,
And eager for your first romance.

Well I remember ev'ry glance
Went through me like a very lance;
We didn't dance, we simply flew—
Have you forgot?

Your old duenna looked askance,
But that ne'er hindered my advance!
I claimed the waltzes as my due,
Two polkas, and a schottische, too—
How Strauss did then our souls entrance!
Have you forgot?

NO, NO, NOT I!
No, no, not I! I can't forget;
I tremble at the memory yet,
The ball-room floors before my eyes,
The dancers whirl, the fiddlers rise,
I see the faces in our set.

'Twas in the ante-room we met,
You knew my pretty cousin Pet,
Have I forgotten? My reply's
No, no, not I!

You tore my dress of orange net
O'er costly silk, as black as jet—
Its tatters still I fondly prize
Can I forget the wondrous size
Of your wild feet? Not I, you bet,
No, no, not I!

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A HIMALAYAN GHOST.

From London Truth.

Do I believe in ghosts? Well, I'm not naturally superstitious, and I don't read the *Nineteenth Century* articles on telepathy and all that sort of thing. I've never been to a dark séance—at least, only once, when I was a youngster, and then it was to sit by a pretty woman I was in love with in those days. But somehow I've never got over a curious thing that happened to me at a hill station in the Himalayas one hot weather. I'm not a hill captain by any means. Only I was pretty well "jacked-up" with fever after a long April tiger-shoot in the Terai, and pig-sticking, not wisely but too much, in the Khadrir after that; so, as the "needful" was not forthcoming for a run home, I was glad to totter up to a hill station on sick leave for a month or two. Unless you've been to the Jungfrau at Interlaken, or one of the Engadine hotels, fellows on Home Service can't well imagine what a glorious change it is after the sweltering heat of the Bengal plains, especially in June, just before the monsoon breaks to find one's self on the pine slopes and in the ozone of the Himalayas.

At first I did nothing but sit about in one of those long arm-chairs one only finds in India, and look on at the life around me from the cheery, cool verandah of Tolley's Hotel at Barabgarh. Of course, I knew everybody by sight or name, for Anglo-Indian society is about the smallest circle anybody can possibly move in, and Tolley's Hotel was the very centre of all life and fun in that particular hill station.

Like most Indian hotels, it was a long, single-story building, built of mud bricks, and with an enormous thatched roof. There was a great central transept, as it were, for a dining-room, and from this a large wing branched off on either side, one wing being devoted to married couples and ladies, whether detached or encumbered, while the other was a bachelor's barrack or "chummy."

A shady and very deep verandah ran the whole length of the hotel front, in the centre of which and in front of the French windows of the dining-room was the general lounge, reading and smoking-room of the hotel. It was very lively and sociable. Both wings were divided into innumerable little suites of rooms, each suite having its entrance-door looking on to the long verandah I have mentioned, and the usual way in and out of the hotel was by a broad flight of fern and passion-flower bordered steps, leading down from the centre of the verandah to the Mall, which ran below the hotel gardens.

The space between the hotel and the Mall was a great rockery, covered with splendid ferns—in the midst of which a few giant deodars stood up and shaded the building—while the trellis-work in front of the verandah was literally a tangle of exquisite creepers—passion flowers and great blue convolvuluses being especially numerous.

From the far end of the "Patchery," as the married wing was called, a steep footpath led by the servants' huts and the kitchen up to the pine forest that clothes the hillside thickly all round Barabgarh.

As I was entirely a looker-on at the local game, I naturally saw a great deal of it, and soon began to take an interest in the different combinations and schisms of the station life. I got to know to a nicety when Capt. Peacock would wander by with Mrs. Golightly, and always knew when Miss Titter expected her fiancé to afternoon tea. And I saw the very first dawn of bitter enmity between Mrs. Gen. Perkins and Mrs. Chief Commissioner Smith, the *causa telerina* being that Mrs. Smith got a consignment of "Europe clothes" before Mrs. Perkins. The official code of precedence was a little vague as to their relative rank, but the Europe box settled it decisively, if not with official hall-mark. I could soon tell exactly how many whiskies and sodas Maj. Puffin would drink between tiffin and dinner, and how many fingers of whisky he took with each.

There was one very beautiful woman staying in the hotel, a Mrs. X—. She was the last woman in the world that you would expect to be prudish, and yet no breath of scandal ever dulled the mirror of her good name. I never met her before, and never have since, but I heard that her husband was a quiet man, much older than she, and very much given to snubbing her for what he called her "sentimental rot." Whether it was sentiment or whether it was pure kindness of nature I do not know; perhaps it was a sort of sweet sympathy for those who kicked over the traces between which she jogged along so placidly, but she seemed to be on good terms with everybody, down to the most frisky grass widow and most barefaced hill captain in the place. Mrs. Golightly, indeed, was a special friend of hers. I often wondered what she could possibly see to like in that peculiarly rapid and flighty little woman, but they were somehow inseparable. Mrs. G. was always running in to Tolley's and gushing round Mrs. X—, and of course Peacock was at her heels.

As for me, as a rule I'd rather shoot a snipe than get a smile from most women, but it was like a ray of sunshine when Mrs. X— came from her door half-way down the cool, dark verandah to where her "jampan" was waiting beneath the hotel steps, and regularly every afternoon she would stop for five minutes to ask me how I was, chat pleasantly in her sweet, friendly way, and go on with a little backward smile and nod which made one feel the better for it.

Well, one afternoon when all the people in the hotel had gone off for their usual tennis or tea party, or ride or picnic, as the case might be, Mrs. X— came out, dressed less smartly than usual. There was an air of preoccupation in her whole form as she stood sharply silhouetted for a moment in the dim verandah against the oblong of bright sunshine behind. Then she left the verandah by a flight of small steps leading to the steep path by the out-houses of the hotel, and so up to the deodar slopes above it.

I must confess that I was a little disappointed at losing my wonted chat with her. However, I was not deeply interested, and soon had forgotten all about it and lay in my chair watching the evening shadows creeping over the "Khud" and dreamily speculating on what lay beyond the pink-tinged wall of snow that bounded the scene. Just at dusk a "jampan" stopped at the foot of the hotel steps and led down Mrs. Golightly. She tripped up the steps, and, without noticing me as I sat in the deep shadow of the verandah, went along the corridor, and stopping at Mrs. X—'s door, tapped at it, and, as if in answer to a response from within, entered, saying, (I remember it quite distinctly), "Dear Mrs. X—, how lucky I am to find you in!" And then the door closed, and the corridor was left again to twilight and to me.

Had I been to sleep and had Mrs. X— come back unnoticed by me! No! for the same long Trichy that I was smoking when Mrs. X— went out was still alight. Just then my attention was again diverted by the arrival of a native groom on the Mall, at the foot of the steps, and then came the sound of a pony ridden smartly along the road, and Capt. Peacock pulled up and, throwing the reins to the Syce, jumped off and came up the steps three at a time. He was a tall, good-looking man, and about the most unprincipled devil I ever met. "There will be eagles be gathered together," was my mental comment. "However, he won't find many people at home this jolly evening." Past my chair he strode and along the same corridor to Mrs. X—'s rooms, and he, too, tapped at the door. "Come in," was the silvery response from within, and he entered and again all was still. Curious! I could have sworn it was Mrs. X— who went out, but I must have been mistaken, as these people have found her at home.

The night fell and "the fireflies danced in the purple gloom" and the tall altars of snow faded and merged into the sky like ghosts; the passion flowers closed their gorgeous blossoms, and the chilly night breeze swept up the Khud and around the hotel. The deodars stood up in dark, distinct tracery against the starry night, and the breeze played with their tassels and shook the pine needles to the ground with a rustling noise like the pattering of rain on autumn leaves.

In about half an hour Mrs. X—'s visitors left—first Peacock and afterward Mrs. Golightly—with many backward nods and repeated adieux to their hostess, and soon lights shone out and twinkled from the bungalows dotted about the hillside. The strains of a military band playing the "Live-long Indian Day" came faintly from where they were dancing in the Assembly-rooms, when suddenly the faint remnant of daylight at the far end of the verandah was obscured, and Mrs. X— again mounted the steps and returned to her rooms.

"Mrs. X—, do I say? How could that be? She had never left her rooms! Had I not seen people talking to her there but a few moments since? All India had recently rung with the Gospel of Esoteric Buddhism, with weird tales of the 'astral form' that can leave its tenement of clay and wander at will; was this a case in point? I always thought that ghosts were only associated with the dead, not with the living! Whatever it was, it was uncanny, jumpy! I was a sick man, remember, but I think a sound one would have felt nearly the same. The whole place seemed to change and to become big with the supernatural."

The passion flowers rustled with a restless murmur, the night wind moaned meaningly in the deodar branches; could any evil be hand? A wild flash of summer lightning lit up the whole front of the hotel—the heavy patter of the first shower of the monsoon sounded on the rockery outside! Another flash of lightning, and then a white figure seemed to rise from the ground and came stealthily toward me. I clutched my chair, and sat breathing hard and helplessly at it! "It" was only a hotel khitmutgar, coming from the out-houses to begin his evening work, but my nerves were quite upset, and I was really thankful when the rest of the khitmutgars and "bearers" began to flock on the scene—lighting the verandah lamps and preparing the dining-room for table d'hôte.

Next, the hotel residents dropped in one by one; the long chairs filled, and "gup" and whisky-and-soda, or vermouth, were the order of the day—or rather night. But I had had enough of it, and was, down the hill and back at headquarters the next day. You may say that I was a bit off my head with fever, and perhaps I was; but to this I can swear, that Mrs. X—'s ghost got away up the hill, and return to her rooms, when all the time she was entertaining friends in her own quarters.

About three months afterward, while enjoying life in a Cashmere Valley, where there were no ghosts and no fever, I had a long letter from one of ours, which contained, among other things, this piece of news:

There has been a frightful flare-up at Barabgarh. Peacock and Mrs. Golightly, whom you saw there, I fancy, have made a bolt of it. The game had been going on a long time there. A khitmutgar at the hotel told old Golightly all about it. It appears that Mrs. X—, who ought to have known better, used to clear out and let them have her sitting-room as a rendezvous, and the nigger sat in the rockery in front, and marked them down! I'm sorry for old G. Glad that he's got over the fever, and bagged a good flux. Yours ever, T. G. W.

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. STOCUM, M. C. 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

SOFT AND PRETTY HANDS.

Any Lady Can Have Perfect Beauties, if She Has Patience and Common Sense.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The proper care of the hands is a much simpler thing than the manicure artists wish one to believe. It only needs every-day watchfulness and a little knowledge of what to do and what to avoid. The appliances are very simple—good soap, Turkish toweling washrag, glycerine, almond flour, nail scissors, chamois polish, a flat, dull-pointed pusher, (a silver letter-opener is just the right shape), and, last but not least, plenty of hot water.

The nails should be cut regularly once a week before washing, for if soft one is apt to cut them too short. When washing rub diligently every knuckle and every nail with the rag. The hand cannot be rubbed too long. With the nail of one finger push down the flesh around another and clean the nails with one another while still in the hot suds. Then rinse and put on glycerine, rubbing very long; then rinse this off and put on almond flour, which will give softness and gloss to the skin. When this is rinsed off and the hands dried carefully the result is a success.

If not satisfied with the cleanliness of the nail use a soft pocket handkerchief with your nail. Never use either scissors or anything sharp under the nail. If a cleaner is necessary, fold a piece of the edge of a newspaper into a point and use that. The constant rubbing of the nails with the washrag will keep the "seal" pushed down; if not, use the letter opener carefully, so as not to break the edge. Then polish the nails with the chamois rubber, and finally rub the nails upon your cheek and all the oil necessary will be obtained.

Should any stain, like shoe polish or ink, get under the nail, put on some cold cream, and after rubbing carefully rinse off with hot water. Never use any acid on the hands. Stains from kid gloves can be removed with cold cream. When the hands are very tired from any kind of work let them stay in very hot water as long as possible, and follow with rubbing with glycerine as long as your patience holds out.

When fruit picking and preserving time comes rub a little butter on the finger tips and under the nails; then rinse off with hot water before using soap, as the soap is apt to set the stain.

HOME TREATMENT.

A free trip to Europe; everything first-class that's what THE HERALD proposes to give the most popular Washington school teacher this summer.

TO CURE SEA-SICKNESS.

A Remedy That is Proposed by a Navy Surgeon.

Charles W. Hamilton, a Navy surgeon, publishes his plan for curing sea-sickness: "The successful treatment of sea-sickness, which surgeons abroad have so much to do with, and which generally they are unable effectively to alleviate, must prove my excuse for bringing before the profession the curative effect of kola, (sterculia acuminata.) In the few cases which I have lately had to deal with I have found the internal administration of the seed of the kola a most successful remedy. Half to one drachm of the seed chewed slowly was followed, in about forty minutes, by complete cessation of the various symptoms of mal de mer; the depression, vomiting, and giddiness disappeared; the heart's action was regulated and strengthened, and a confidence was felt in heavy weather that my cases never before experienced during the many years that they served in the royal navy, and had tried the usual remedies prescribed by their advisers. At present no means of preventing sea-sickness in those susceptible of it is known, and I venture to believe that if the kola, or its alkaloid, were used, and that a larger trial of the drug will tend to support my opinion. From its well-known sustaining and invigorating properties during fatigue, for which it is daily used by the natives on the west coast of Africa and the Sudan, its action in sea-sickness seems to be the giving tone to the nervous system, proving a stimulant—acting generally and locally."

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